THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

(*Continued from page* 39.)

LETTER XXXIII.

My dear E——,

I mentioned to you in a former letter that there was a theatre at Geneva, and that it was not much frequented—the arrival of Mademoiselle Comtat however, during the summer, and of a somewhat better troop from Marseilles enabled us to see what is esteemed good acting in France. To me, however, the actors appeared in one continued state of exaggeration, and neither in gesture, tone of voice, or pronunciation to resemble the individuals whom I have had as yet an opportunity of meeting with in company. As to the morality in the French theatre, I do not think as highly of it, as when my knowledge was confined to the few distinguished productions I possessed in Carolina, nor am I more reconciled than formerly to their strict adherence to the unities of time and place—it appears to me a greater violation of probability than the most extravagant changes of scene we meet with even in Shakspeare. How is it indeed possible to imagine, that either at a house in the country, or at a hotel garni in Paris, the lover should have no other place to dress in, to lay plans with his valet de chambre, receive his friends, or sooth his creditors in, but the very room in which his mistress sees her company, and listens to his declarations? We were at the Philosophe Marié last night, one of Destouche's few good plays: the first scene represents Alceste, the Philosophe, as musing in his study, which he describes, from experience no doubt, as a sacred asylum against noise, and

interruption of every sort, and yet it is in that very study that every event of a very busy play takes place: that the husband and wife should converse there, is very natural, but it is there also that visits are received, that contrary to every rule of propriety the coquette of the piece flirts and quarrels with her admirers, and that a Marquis, who is really a fine gentleman, goes upon one knee, and makes a tender of his person and fortune. Mademoiselle Comtat was very much applauded, and at times when it betrayed, I thought, a want of taste and feeling in the audience. Melite, the wife of Alceste, is represented as throwing herself at the feet of an uncle, who, hard-hearted as he is represented, and familiar with distress, is overcome with compassion, at beholding her in all the agony of such deep distress; such a moment should have commanded universal sympathy and attention, but there was no resisting the shrugs and grimaces of Mademoiselle Comtat, who, in her avidity for applause, kept the audience exclusively attentive to her and in a foolish simper, while they should have been melted into tears at the sight of a wife, a modest and lovely woman, upon her knees. It is singular enough that the theatre should have been erected at no great distance from the gigantick bust of Rousseau, who was never more eloquent or more in the right, than when arguing against the propriety of a theatre in Geneva. The eloquence of this singular man will command attention to the end of time: his political principles are those of a vigorous, enlightened mind, unimproved perhaps by practical knowledge and experience, and deviating at times, as on the article of property, for instance, into the absurdities of theory, but not disposed to sacrifice the calls of humanity to the imaginary rights of man. I like his idea, that no agreement can subject the interest of the many, to those of the few, and that a nation is not called upon to obey laws contrary to its happiness, and not made by itself—That a despotick government is of all things the most absurd: but it is to be regretted, that one who has been considered in France as the apostle of liberty, should not have understood the principles of the representative system, which leaves the people all their rights, their feelings and their energy, at the same time that it guards against the arts of demagogues, and the evils of confusion. His book on education is replete with useful ideas and hints, either derived from others or from himself, and inculcated with all the charms of eloquence on the most interesting of all subjects: Mothers have been taught by it not to deprive themselves of the most delightful of all employments, and of the caresses of of their children in infancy; the infant too is under obligations to Rousseau, he is left in possession of his little powers of motion, and as he increases in years is no longer considered as a mere dependent being, bending under the will of a master; he is made to learn at a proper period, that there may be necessity arising from circumstances, of which he is himself a judge, to which he must submit, and that faults carry with them the privation of some enjoyment: he acquires by degrees a knowledge of his fellow-creatures, and he arrives at manhood without having been humbled by correction, or enervated by luxury, or spoiled by flattery, with the faculties of the mind awakened, and prepared

for any walk of life which he may be called upon to enter. With some exaggeration therefore, and some erroneous views, there is more truth, and more useful knowledge in his Emilius, than in all his other works—it is by this, that the wiser and better part of posterity will know him; such indeed are the tendencies of our nature, that it will always be of service, and more so than even you, who are an American mother, would perhaps imagine; not only the infants, who in the first instance are left in possession of their mothers' milk, will have to bless the name of Rousseau; but those of the hired nurse, and those of her substitute, the labourer's wife, who were deprived of a great portion of their necessary nourishment, will many of them owe their lives to him: there is hardly a village in the neighbourhood of a large town, where this might not be verified: As to his first literary production which attracted such universal attention, it has been often observed that nothing could be more fallacious than the argumentative part. It is well known that nothing could be more accidental than the circumstance which induced him to adopt that side of the question, but it answered the purposes of his ambition, it made him for a time the object of curiosity, and that was all he wanted: it is singular, that his first effort as an authour, should have been made after the age of forty; it was probably a keen sense of the precious years he had lost in the career of literary glory, which so deeply affected his irascible and jealous mind, and as he emerged from a state bordering on servitude, to assume his station among authours, he is supposed to have been animated by feelings not unlike those of Marius, when he entered Rome, as consul, after having been found lurking in the marshes of Minturne—he could not bear superiority of any sort—he was like too many individuals I have known in America, who having been admitted by accident, or in consequence of the offices they were called upon to fill in some family, to take a nearer view of the comforts of opulence, and the graces of polished life, became from envy and resentment the fiercest of all democrats, and would have established a system of equality at the expense of as many lives as were sacrificed by Robespierre. The various forms which madness takes, and the very singular manner in which it often exists, alternately, with reason, in the same individual, might form the subject of an interesting work. In Rousseau there was certainly no small portion of it, for what but madness, founded originally upon the most consummate vanity, could have made him suppose that the orders of society in every part of Europe, were in conspiracy against him? If the government of France sent a sufficiency of force, to put an end to all resistance in Corsica, it was to prevent his becoming the legislator of that Island; if the king of England offered him a pension, it was only to lead him into some snare, an unresisting victim to the hatred of his enemies; nor would he venture to leave the country-house, where he had been so hospitably received at the expense of Mr. Davenport, till he had repeatedly solicited a guard to protect him as far as the sea coast. Madame de Genlis, in her Souvenirs, under the name of Felicie, has related in a very interesting manner, her first acquaintance

with this singular being. She was pursuaded in consequence of some private intimations, when he was first presented to her, that it was the celebrated actor Preville, who had been tutored for that purpose. She consequently behaved to Rousseau, as she would have behaved to Preville, and won his heart by her familiarity, and by being perfectly at her ease; their friendship, however, was of no great duration—the inordinate vanity of Rousseau, but ill concealed by the manners of a savage, made it impossible it should be otherwise. There are in his Heloise, many eloquent effusions and many well drawn pictures of domestick life; and virtue and good order are set off with all that glow of sentiment, which he so well knew how to colour every subject with, when he wrote with pleasure: but he should have stigmatised, in stronger terms, the gross impropriety which takes place, he should have branded with infamy those vices, which are the more dangerous for the exteriour decency, with which they are veiled, which attack morality in its very source, and carry dissension and despair into the bosom of a family. His confessions, though disgraced by a number of every way improper ideas, form a work, which may be considered totally new of its sort, and as affording a useful lesson to mankind. The trifling anecdotes of his infancy are by far the greater part of them unworthy of our attention, he must have been blinded by self-sufficiency, not to have thought so himself, and the person whom he lavishes every praise upon, was, in many respects, a disgrace to her sex: still, however, the lesson is a useful one; it teaches us to look deep into our own hearts, to trace our actions to their source, to set a mark upon what is improper, and to give, as it were, a voice to our conscience. It is in this, as in every other composition of Rousseau: his style operates like magick, and we read with attention, and even with pleasure, a relation that nothing, as it should seem upon reflection, ought to induce us to listen to: a runaway apprentice —at one time a pretended convert for money, then a servant; then turning musick-master, without possessing the first elements of the science he pretends to teach; often ungrateful and fickle, and almost always immoral, he yet interests us in his story, and carries us along with him—if our common parent nature, has been more bountiful to some than to others, in bestowing those mental faculties, which lead to distinction in society, how strictly does she preserve her character of impartiality, when we calculate the sum of happiness which individuals enjoy. We know how far Voltaire was from considering the path of life as strewed with flowers, and only observe the character and fate of Rousseau, impressed with respect for Christianity, and yet a prey to passions the most remote from its doctrines and principles; just in his avowals with respect to himself, and yet forming erroneous opinions without end of other men; voluptuous; disregarding in his own helpless offspring, the tender ties of nature, though no one could inculcate better advice upon that subject; impatient of restraint; vain, envious, repulsive, ignorant of the world, and yet presuming to give rules of conduct; proud, irascible, and eternally suspicious, this wonderful, much admired, unhappy man, dragged on a miserable existence for the far greater part of life, and died out of his senses.

Such was the prevalence of melancholy and misanthropy in Rousseau that he could not bring himself to leave the mind of the reader cheered by a ray of comfort. The last scenes of Julia's life, preceding the very awful and interesting one, bring us back to the recollection of those events, which had rendered her earlier life so miserable. Love seems converted into a sort of divinity, whose power is sooner or later irresistible; we are suspicious of approaching impropriety, and our suspicions are found to have been justified, when we read the last sad letter that St. Preux receives after the death of his unhappy mistress. The good sense and virtue even of such a woman, would, it seems, have been insufficient, and death alone could save her. As to his Emilius, he might have been satisfied, one would suppose, with marrying his pupil to Sophia, and leaving us impressed with the belief that so much time and attention had not been bestowed in vain; but you know how miserably the narration ends, and how much to our disappointment: Rousseau appears to have been struck with this impropriety himself, and had intended a continuation to his work, of which the following is the plan, such as he imparted to his friend professor Prevost.—The wretched Emilius arrives at length at an island, where he finds a solitary temple, the ornaments of which are composed of the fruits and flowers of the neighbouring fields, arranged with simplicity, with variety from day to day, and with taste by the hands of the priestess, who is no other than Sophia, whom a cause of events, connected with the improprieties of her past life, brought to this retired place: she makes herself known to Emilius, explains the tissue of treachery and violence to which she had fallen a victim, and with every expression of her own unworthiness, promotes his union with a young person, whom a coincidence of circumstances had brought there, and whose servant she professes herself desirous of remaining; a marriage, of course, takes place; but after some days of sorrow and humiliation, Sophia is unexpectedly relieved; Emilius discloses to her, that the late marriage was only in appearance, that the lady was already the wife of another person, and that the mock ceremony had been performed in order to put her contrition and resignation to the utmost proof: he then receives the poor penitent to his bosom, and expresses himself blest in the possession of one, whom he knew not before to honour and esteem sufficiently.

Whatever Rousseau had chosen to write would have been well written; but in other respects we have no reason, I think, to regret that he did not live to put his plan in execution.

For The Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

At a period when commerce is materially affected by the late orders in council, so rigorously enforced by the present British ministry, every discussion of these measures is perused with uncommon eagerness, and amply rewards the attention of every man of business. Messrs. Hopkins and Earle, booksellers of this city, have just published a very ingenious and eloquent pamphlet, which, coinciding exactly with the reigning opinion here, has become extremely current among the most respectable mercantile and political circles. The pamphlet to which we allude, is the Speech of Henry Brougham, Esquire, before the house of commons, Friday, April 1, 1808, in support of the petitions from London, Liverpool and Manchester, against the orders, &c. In this ingenious harangue, the oratour, a man of splendid talents, undertakes to prove by argument, always specious if not cogent, that the orders in

question are utterly ruinous to London, Liverpool and Manchester merchants. We refer the inquisitive reader to the speech itself, for many brilliant proofs both of sound judgment and excursive fancy. But we should be unjust to Merit, both at home and abroad, if we did not preserve the preface to the American edition. This preface is a rapid but spirited sketch of Mr. Brougham's character, and we have strong reason to believe is the production of an American gentleman, who having long enjoyed the privilege of an unreserved intimacy with our oratour, is fully qualified to state his pretensions to notice. Of the abilities of Mr. B. we have gazed at many proofs with equal wonder and delight. But while he charms the client and the court, by his eloquence as an advocate, and every listener by all the agreeable arts of conversation, while he pleads a nation's cause, and instructs senates by his wisdom, we cannot forbear thinking that his more durable fame will rest upon the polished pillars of polite literature. He has been ardent in the pursuit and successful in the attainment of all those elegant and liberal arts which at once captivate and refine mankind. *We* know him chiefly as an *authour*, and for industry of research, extent of information, fertility of invention, brightness of wit, and sharpness of satire, few authours have surpassed this young man, who has not yet filled the sixth lustrum. He was the original projector of the Edinburg Review, and for many of the most masterly articles in that elegant and instructive Journal, we are grateful to the learning and genius of Mr. B. The establishment of this Review has formed a new era in the annals of criticism. On the continent at an early period, the laborious scholar, the spritely wit, and the pensive monk, distinguished themselves by many a critical response to which, men still listen with applause. The early volumes of the Monthly and all the volumes of the Critical Review, while it was under the direction of Dr. Smollet, exhibit pleasing proofs of an acute judgment, polished by taste and mitigated with candour. But with a few honourable exceptions, criticism in South-Britain has for many years been exercised as a mere venal profession, and like many other *trades* of which money is the vital principle, altogether as low, and dirty as the mine that gave that money birth. Praise has been *laid on with a trowel*, or obloquy poured out as filth, according to the measure of a proprietor's avarice, or an authour's malignity. Through a long series of many a London Review, nothing is seen but a *dull unvaried visto* of common place panegyrick or Grub-street satire, without either the charms of composition or polished urbanity. To rescue criticism from this degrading servitude, was reserved for the genius and industry of the Edinburg Reviewers. Viewing the subject in a broad and clear light, they saw that for the successful exercise of this noble art, it was essential that all her operations should be unshackled and free. Accordingly without a blind devotion either to party or to Plutus, without a servile complaisance to an authour, or a terrour of his patron, they boldly *told the truth* of the productions of the age, and they told that truth in an idiom, original, manly and sonorous. In some of the first efforts of criticism, whether the offspring of Grecian, Roman or modern acuteness, the delighted reader has had perpetual occasion to observe that the critick displays as much genius, learning and wit, as the most brilliant authour whose work is subject to a review. This is exactly the case with the Literary Journal, to which we allude. No work, however splendid, is more pleasing than their analysis; and after reading the most agreeable of Mr. Southey's poems, and their elaborate examination of its pretensions to publick favour, one may well be at a loss which to prefer, the fame of the poet, or the reviewer.

" In the list of extraordinary men of whom the British Isles have produced more than any other section of the world, may be enumerated Henry Brougham, the authour of the present speech. At a very early period of his life he gave presages of his future eminence. For in the sixteenth year of his age he became known to the publick, by a series of papers in the Transactions of the Royal Society of London, on an abstruse point of physical science, which were written with such purity of style, and manifested so much acute and diligent investigation, that he was immediately elected a member of that, perhaps, the most learned institution of Europe. Not long after receiving this honourable testimonial of his precocious attainments, he commenced a course of legal studies, and having completed them, was called to the Scotch bar. We still vividly recollect the powers of eloquence which we have heard him there display. But the cares of his profession did not wholly engross Mr. Brougham's attention. With these he mingled

habitually the cultivation of polite literature, and the study of politicks.

In eighteen hundred and three, when only twenty-four years old, he published a work in two large volumes, entitled "The Colonial Policy of the European Powers," which, though it may not have widely circulated in the United States, has undoubtedly been better received in Europe than any production on political economy since "Smith's Wealth of Nations."

Nearly about the same time, he in conjunction with several literary friends, without any venal motive, established the "Edinburg Review," to which he has liberally contributed. The articles on moral and political subjects are principally executed by him.

Of the general merits of this celebrated journal, or of the particular excellence of Mr Brougham's compositions contained in it, we shall say nothing; publick sentiment having already assigned to each, confessedly, the highest rank in the department of criticism.

Two years ago, he quitted the Scotch metropolis, and settled in London, as a theatre more auspicious to the exercise of his superiour talents. Since the exchange of his residence he has published a well-known pamphlet, "On the state of the Nation."

Recently, Mr. Brougham was retained, at the express recommendation of Lord Grenville, as counsel for the petitioners against the orders of council, and in that capacity, delivered in the house of commons, the ensuing speech, which throughout Britain has been read, admired and approved.

This speech, we presume, must be equally interesting to this country, as treating of topicks in which every portion of our community has a lively and proximate concern. It exhibits pretty nearly the same views as Mr. Baring's admirable pamphlet, but being a subsequent production, it has added to the matter, which the industrious research of his predecessour had collected, many new proofs and illustrations supplied by his own sources of information, and the thorough examination of the subject held at the bar of the house of commons.

The neutral rights of America have, indeed, found in Mr. Brougham a most intelligent and able defender. If they be not ultimately recognised, it cannot be imputed to any deficiency in their vindication. This speech alone furnishes them with a shield round and complete.

Mr. Brougham is now in the twenty-eighth year of his age. He has already attained very great consideration among the leading men of his country. To complete his reputation it only remains for him to enter parliament, which, we understand, he will shortly do. When this event shall happen, we predict, from his various and profound knowledge, especially of the complicated fiscal and commercial interests of the British empire, combined with an eloquence, at once strong, copious and embellished, that he will be pronounced the most able debater, and accomplished statesman of that great and enlightened assembly."

CRITICISM.

For The Port Folio.

Odes from the Norse, &c.

Of the Latin version of the Descent of Odin, a recent and very complete edition of the *Poetical Works of Thomas Gray, L. L. B.* in a thick volume, duodecimo, is the following literal English version. The reader, says the translator, may find a pleasure in comparing the rugged materials of the Skald with the polished stanzas and arrangements of the poet. It will be perceived that either from choice or the want of a complete copy, Mr Gray has passed over the first five stanzas; and observe further, that "if in the progress of the ode, the motive of Odin's descent (the dream of Balder) had been

again hinted at, the abrupt simplicity with which the sixth sets out might account for Mr. Gray's omitting the preceding ones.

Deep to consult,
The gods all met;
To talk aloud
The goddesses:
Debate the holy synod shook,
On Balder's late
Portentous dreams.

By turbid slumbers tossed,
The hero weened he saw,
Amid the gloom of night,
His genius disappear:
The giants prostrate asked,
The power of the oracles,
If in the vision dim
A secret terrour lurked:—

The oracles replied,
That Uller's friend elect,*
The darling of all beings,
Was summoned to his fate:
Anguish seized
Freya,† and Suafne,
And the celestial host:
Firm they resolved to send
An embassy around,
To Nature's general race,
Their unison to ask
For Balder's safety:
A universal oath,
As Freya's self
Exacted it of each.

The father‡ of the slain
Suspected still a flaw—
The fatal absence
Of the Destinies:
The gods he called anew,
And their decision asked;
But Discord rent
The loud assembly.

Uprose Odin,
The sire of men;
O'er Sleipner strait
His saddle threw:
The road he took
Of Niflheim dark,
And met the whelp
Of murky hell.

Gore him distained
Across the breast;
Wide flashed his jaw,
Rent to devour:
Aloud he barked,
Amain he yawned,
And long howled round,
The sire of spells.

On rode Odin
His thunder-shaken path,
On to the roof of Hela high:
What spot before
The orient door,
He knew full well
Volva was laid.

Turned to the North,
The sire of exorcism
Began to tune
The song of death:
The eddying wand
The mighty spell,
Unlocked to moans
The hell-bound voice.

VOLVA.

What wight is he,
To me unknown,
That wakes my sense
To trouble new?
Snowed o'er with snows,
By showers beat,
All drenched with dews,
Dead lay I long.

ODIN.

Vetamgr|| is my name,
The son of Valtams, I;
Tell thou of hell,
I can, of light:
For whom is spread
Yon radiant board?
That couch, for whom,
Flooded with gold?

VOLVA.

For Balder brews
Yon mead-crowned cup
Its pearly wave.
His the incumbent shield;
The loud lament
Of Assa's sons.
Unwilling have I spoke,
Dismiss me to my rest.

ODIN.

Volva, say on,
For I shall ask
Till I know all.
This one I want to learn:
Beneath whose arm
Shall Balder fall?
What man shall nip
His bloom of life?

* Uller, the son of Sfia, noted among the gods for beauty, archery, and skill in skaiting.

† Freya, or Frigga, the wife of Odin, and mother of Balder.

‡ Odin.

|| Vetamgr, Valtams, names of toil and war.

VOLVA.
That towering thought
Swells the proud breast
Of Haudr, homicide!
Fell Haudr nips
The blooming day
Of Odin's son!
Unwilling have I spoke,
Dismiss me to my rest.

ODIN.
Volva, say on—
What man shall glut
Revenge for Haudr's rage,
And on the flaming pile
Lift Balder's foe?

VOLVA.
Far in her western halls,
Rinda to Odin bears
A son, who shall not greet
His second night, or clear
His hand of blood, or comb
His locks, ere on the pile
He hurls slain Balder's foe.
Unwilling have I spoke,
Dismiss me to my rest.

ODIN.
Volva, say on!
What virgins those
That flow in tears,
And heavenward throw
Their snowy veils?
This answer yet
Ere thou repose.

VOLVA.
Vegtamr thou art not,
As I weened,
Odin thou art,
The sire of men.

ODIN.
Volva thou art not,
Thou, wizard none!
The dam thou art
Of giant cubs!

VOLVA.
Ride home, Odin,
And triumph now!
And thus fare he,
Who breaks my sleep,
Till Lok, redeemed,
His fetters burst!
And twilight blasts
The eve of gods!

This translator explains the conclusion of the poem altogether differently from what has been said above: "The oracles," says he, "had told that Balder might be redeemed from Hela, by what they knew could not happen, the unanimous intercession of the sex. Odin, after having received answers to every question, that coincided with the decrees of fate, makes use of an artifice to come at the knowledge of Balder's final destiny, by inventing a vision of female lamentation, and betrays himself by this trick to the prophetess, who saw only realities." According to the previous account of the sense of the original, Volva recognizes Odin, through his discerning that which was not discernible by ordinary mortals; but, according to the present, she is made to recognize him through his pretending to discern that, which, being unreal, was not discernible at all. This it was in the power of any mortal to do, and therefore it is not easy to understand why it should enable her to know that it was done by Odin in particular.

Though the translator follows Mr. Gray in making Haudr or Hother, the *brother* of Balder, he observes, that Saxo, whose information, he thinks, cannot have been much inferiour to Snorro's, makes him the son of Hodtrodd, Balder's rival for Nanna, and the declared enemy of the Asi. Lib. III. Hist. Dan. I.

For The Port Folio.

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF HAMILTON.

JOHN STEWART, Esq., an English poet of no ordinary celebrity, and who has distinguished himself by a work remarkable for delicacy of thought and harmony of expression, has very lately published a poem, entitled "The Resurrection." This high and holy theme has awakened all the piety of the Christian, and all the genius of the Poet. Many lines in this excellent poem remind the reader of the best manner of Goldsmith, and the pious as well as ingenious authour displays an intimate knowledge of the Sacred Scriptures and much ability in the management of topicks of the most awful import. The vision in the fourth book is sublime and beautiful, and remar-

kable for its happy invention and brilliant imagery. The work, at large, which, it is hoped will be immediately republished here, merits a very attentive perusal, and we think will, by the man of taste and religious principles, be arranged on the same shelf with the Calvary of Cumberland. In the third book, Mr. Stewart, taking occasion to enlarge upon the enormity of the crimes of suicide and duelling, adverts to that rueful event, which, by depriving America of the admirable talents of the regretted HAMILTON, associated to domestick distress and the pangs of Friendship some of the gloomiest forms of national calamity. We cannot refrain from transcribing this grateful and poetical tribute to the memory of a most accomplished individual, whose merit in the cardinal points of Genius, Valour, Wisdom, and Eloquence, all quickened by a patriotism of the most sterling purity, challenged from his contemporaries, and will unquestionably receive from posterity the liberal rewards of well-earned encomium. General HAMILTON rendered to this country the most signal services. We owe much to his Sword, we owe more to his Pen. He had always the sagacity to discern right measures, he had a spirit to pursue and an eloquence to maintain them. The *O terque quaterque beati* of the impassioned Eneas might most truly be applied to his fortunate countrymen, if his councils had always been followed in his lifetime, and if that Wisdom, which dictated them, were now viewed as the tutelary Genius, as he guardian Angel of our country.†

Nor shunned, alone the suicide shall stand,
Whose impious soul impels his daring hand;
A double murderer lives, who hopes the name
To stand enrolled a demigod of fame!
Whose crimes recorded deep, in darkest hue,
The angry eye of righteous heaven shall view!
Perhaps some friend, in mirth's unguarded hour,
Expires, the victim of his frantick power;
Perhaps the wretch scarce marks the faded clay,
Ere his own forfeit life-blood ebb away;
Pierced by his hand, perhaps some chief may fall,
To hear no more a weeping country's call!
Some soul replete with wisdom's godlike glow,
Designed by Heaven to bless a world below!
Some generous heart, around whose spotless shrine
The noblest feelings of our nature twine!
Such was thy son, Columbia! in the hour†

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† As I have devoted a considerable space in this book to the reprobation of suicide and duelling, it may not be improper to subjoin the reasons that have influenced me. I thought I could not better use my humble endeavours to benefit mankind than by exposing the hideous deformities of vices whose frequent recurrence, in these countries, renders such a duty, unhappily, too incumbent. Suicide is not only revolting to human nature, but a violation of every moral precept; of every duty to God and man. Its miserable proselyte scorns to wait the mandate of his Maker, despises his anger, challenges his judgments, and rushes, uncalled, before his tribunal. The prospects of such a man, even rendering all latitude to the benevolent attributes of the Deity, are terrible beyond expression. And what is the acquisition?—The privilege of deserting the duties he was bound to perform! and of skulking from the trials he should have gloried to endure! of losing the delight to succour the virtuous and oppressed, and the open thereby secured for rewards, in a happier world. He lays his head on the pillow a few hours earlier to feed the worm, and mingle with the clay that is trodden upon; while the finger of scorn points to his grave, and his memory is thought on, only to be despised. O, glorious fellowship! O, towering ambition!

Duelling is no less repugnant to all divine and human laws. The duellist may not only be a self-murderer, but, at the same moment, the destroyer of another. The 'imperious motives' urged by the 'man of honour,' to have impelled him to the commission, will substantiate no plea. An act, intrinsically bad, can never be justified by any motives; nor is the crime less in the eye of Omniscience, because the means em-

You burst th' enchantment of the classick bower,
Rung the war-clarion on his studious ear,
And proved thy freedom to his bosom dear;
Woke from inspiring shades the warriour youth,
And swelled his heart with liberty and truth;
But now, he fades in manhood's summer prime,
The much-mourned victim of another's crime:

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ployed to effectuate it have proved inadequate. Even by the frail and perishable decision of human law, intention constitutes the act;—and shall the immutable laws of the Deity take no cognizance of guilt, because that guilt fell short of the intended mark? The only advantage resulting from such a termination, must consist in the cordial resolution to reform, and make some reparation to God and to society. The glitter of fashion cannot dazzle; the assumption of 'honour' for 'murder,' in the modern vocabulary, will not mislead: and what compensation shall be offered to the widow and the orphan?

No instance, perhaps, of modern days, affords an example more pregnant with the evils of duelling, than that recently exhibited in America, in which General Hamilton fell by the hands of Colonel Burr The unblemished virtues that conspired to form the character of General Hamilton have been done justice to by all. When the revolutionary war commenced, he was pursuing his studies in Columbia College. On the first summons of his country, he felt her claims, and exchanged his classick retirement, for the toils and dangers of a military life. His valour and conduct won for him the admiration and esteem, not only of the great Washington, but of the entire army. The independence he fought for being secured, he gloriously sheathed his sword, and returned to enjoy, in the humbler walk of private life, and in the bosom of contentment, all the pleasures to be derived from the society of the enlightened and the good. In the pursuits of eloquence, as in the path of glory, he soon became known, and conspicuous for his abilities at the bar. For some (perhaps too candid) expressions, reported, it may be presumed, not without point and exaggeration, by some officious individuals, the second magistrate of a great and free country set the example of violating every moral and political law, to gratify his envy or his pride:—he shed the blood of a brave and virtuous defender of his country; made a wife, a widow; and her children, orphans.

Where thy proud eyes in dove-like pity glow,
Muse o'er his urn, and weep the patriot low:
A nation's care his sacred ashes keeps,
And virtue lingers where the hero sleeps!
And as yon modest marble, pointing high,†
Receives from gratitude the passing sigh,
While contemplation's evening shadows roll,
And wake the dormant sorrows of the soul;
Methinks I view the widowed mourner move,
Mid the sweet pledges of her happier love;
And as, around, the lovely orphans cling,
Fast to her eyes the tears of memory spring;
And, from her lips, as wild these accents start,
By turns she clasps each treasure to her heart!
"Pledge of my love, of his, whose manly mind
In all was noble, and to all was kind!
Whose breast, expanding with courageous glow,
Ne'er lost a friend, and never feared a foe;
Thy father's gone! the generous and the bold,
Moulders, ah me! within that marble cold:
Thy father's gone! within that grave so deep,
The best affections of a father sleep!"

For The Port Folio.

MORTUARY.

In the very sinister situation of our injured country, torn with domestick faction, and threatened by

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† At New York, in Trinity church-yard, the corporation of that church has erected over the grave of Hamilton, a beautiful monument of white marble, composed of a pyramid resting on an elevated base or pedestal, surrounded with four elegant urns, and rising to the height of about twelve feet, with the following simple and beautiful inscription:

To the Memory of
'ALEXANDER HAMILTON,
The corporation of the Trinity church
Has erected this Monument,
In testimony of their respect for
The Patriot of incorruptible integrity,
The Soldier of approved valour,
The Statesman of consummate wisdom,
Whose virtues and talents will be admired
By grateful posterity,
Long after this marble shall be mouldered into dust.
He died July 12, 1804.——Aged 47.

French tyranny, the loss of a genuine patriot, an eloquent oratour, and a sagacious statesman is felt far beyond the precincts of a state, or the amplest circle of mourning friends. This reflection is warranted by the recent demise of The Honourable Fisher Ames, whose loss, like that of the splendid Hamilton, is without a particle of exaggeration, described as a national calamity. We keenly feel, and shall long deplore, this mournful privation. We had the honour to be acquainted with Mr. Ames, and have long been in the habits of the closest intimacy with his opinions and his writings. He has taken a very active and shining part in politicks, and from the commencement of his publick life to its regretted termination we are deliberately of opinion, in harmonious concert with his political associates, that he pursued *noble ends by noble means*, and that his plans of polity liberally adopted, and stanchly pursued, would have terminated in the brightest of vistos, the welfare and aggrandizement of America. Mr. Ames was a firm believer in the political creed of Gen. Hamilton, and this, in our opinion, is the true faith. There might be some few questions of legislation in which the Editor of this Journal did not entirely coincide with the great men alluded to, but on all the great and cardinal principles which have for their object the substantial glory of this country, there were only such shades of difference as there must necessarily be between persons who, as has been independently asserted on another occasion, "being equally attached to the interests of truth, will not surrender to others the right of thinking for themselves."

In common with a few privileged spirits, Mr. Ames not only thought correctly, and planned sagaciously, but spoke and wrote in a style not inferiour to that of Bolingbroke and Burke. Indeed it was extremely visible that the best manner of those splendid models had been assiduously studied by Mr. Ames. What has been applied to one of the first scholars of England challenges an application to him. The ornaments of his style are costly, splendid, and gorgeous. Exquisitely wrought, nicely proportioned, and happily combined. They resemble the exuberant magnificence of an Eastern Temple, disposed with the simple taste of a Grecian artist. To his ability as a publick speaker, Mr. Ames added all the charms of conversation. His colloquial powers were various and happy. We never shall forget the delight we felt in once listening to him a summer's day, in rural retirement with a literary friend. Whatever topick was started, was most agreeably and instructively pursued by our eloquent companion, who was indeed the *Mercurius*, the *chief speaker* of the party, and whose friends were only solicitous so *to hearken*, that nothing might be lost. He displayed the utmost pertinency of remark, and the utmost brilliancy of illustration; and that political or literary ground, which the phlegmatick would take days to go regularly over, *he* could *rapidly traverse* in *a few* minutes. Nor did he confine himself to a narrow range, or reveal at any time, the nakedness of imperfect information. His converse, like the copious rivulets of a well watered region, was deep and clear. With that glorious quickness of Imagination, which can bound from Heaven to Earth, from Earth to Heaven, he could illustrate the beauties of the Bible, or paint the manners of the village; and the swiftness of his sportive Fancy could dart from equinoctial fervours to polar snow, and collect in the flight all the the curious and the rare.

In all his exertions of speech, publick and private he had a wonderful command of figurative expression. His similes, his metaphors, displayed not only the copiousness of his invention, but the correctness of his judgment. They were not the shining, yet awkward and cumbrous trappings of a pageant, but fair embroidery, on a rich tissue at once

splendid and useful. His rhetorick was always in close alliance with his argument, and the jarring Powers of Logick and Wit, under his control, were in perfect unison.

If Mr. Ames had been but a lively declaimer, a spritely essayist, a voluble lawyer, or a *vulgar* politician, his loss might be promptly supplied. But his were no common place talents. He was eminently a wise and prescient man, and the soundness and stanchness of his principles deserve a still warmer encomium than his affluence of language, or his fertility of allusion. On all the great questions of foreign or domestick polity, which have been so fiercely discussed, and so darkly understood ever since the commencement of the French Revolution, his opinions were consistent and correct. They had wisdom and experience for their basis. He counselled to no course of conduct but that which would eventuate in the prosperity and dignity of his country. While too many of his contemporaries were creeping along on the pavè, on the mere footpath of narrow politicks, he was elevated on a pedestal, with his luminous lamp of that salutary splendour, by which he could discern Glory afar, or Danger in the distance.

Since the first era of his political life, Mr. Ames has been a valetudinarian. But sickness, though it grievously wasted his body, never diminished the energy of his mind. All his mental powers were constantly on the alert, and during the memorable discussion, prior to the ratification of the British Treaty, in his place in the House of Representatives, although he could scarcely uphold his tottering frame, he delivered at great length, one of the most animated and elegant orations that ever yet stoutly assailed the prejudices of Faction, or sweetly accorded with the opinions of the wise. We take this occasion, not merely to express our admiration of the ornaments of this splendid speech, but of the VALIDITY OF THE ARGUMENT. Though the rancour of some, and the folly of others held a different language, Mr. Ames was right *in toto*. To guaranty this celebrated pact between nations in natural alliance was vital to the prosperity of America.

During the intervals of publick, professional, and domestick care, Mr. Ames, with a spirit untired, and a pen of promptness, has written innumerable political essays, sometimes alone, and sometimes in conjunction with certain distinguished characters, who are the *salt of the earth*, and who unquestionably preserve many from the incurable taint of democratick corruption. Their political opinions in the light form of pamphlet or paragraph, have contributed very essentially to the publick good, and while we admire their ingenuity, we honour their principles, and warmly wish that the eternal truths they teach, the warnings they utter, and the counsels they bestow, will not be thrown away upon an infatuated land.

——— What they show
Ourselves may freely to ourselves bestow.

We have in full view a *forthright* path to national tranquillity, and dignity too. If we wilfully decline from it, under the tremendous influence of democratick delusion, we metamorphose at once, and by an accursed spell, prospects of the most varied magnificence for scenes of desolation and horrour. Instead of building up an Empire of manners, of arts, of arms, and of learning, such as would shame all the glories of an Augustan age, we shall resemble the degraded boors of Westphalia, and cower like abject curs under the coercion of a master.

But, to return to the subject of this concise memoir, Mr. Ames, like Edmund Burke, not less admirable for the keenness of his sagacity than for the opulence of his fancy and style, saw exactly in the same light all the fantastick scenes of the French Revolution, constantly anticipated the catastrophe of the tragedy, and so-

lemnly warned his countrymen against a similar exhibition. He was always decidedly hostile to the new doctrines in politicks, morality and religion, and his eloquence was never more usefully exerted than when he inveighed against the damnable heresies of innovations, at once stupid and profligate.

The extinction of such a light leaves us in a sort of melancholy gloom, and as when the lamp of Hamilton's life expired, even the stout hearted may shrink for a moment, while meditating upon the probable storm, or the coming night.

Those suns are set; Oh rise some other such,
Or all that we have left, is empty talk
Of old achievements, or despair of new.

To this rapid, and too imperfect sketch of one of the best and brightest, we subjoin from the most respectable and accurate papers of Boston, a description of the obsequies of an illustrious individual, who adorned and defended his country.

Funeral of the Hon. Fisher Ames.

BOSTON, JULY 7, 1808.

With the deepest sorrow and regret, we are called upon to announce to the publick, the death of the HON. FISHER AMES.

The mournful event, which took place at his paternal seat in Dedham, on the fourth inst. will be considered a great national calamity, and excite the general sorrow of the whole country.

This heavy bereavement, being made known to his friends in this town, on Monday morning a request was made in the papers for a meeting of the citizens on Tuesday morning, on the floor of the State-House, to take measures to testify their respect for the character and publick services of the deceased. Agreeably to this request a large number assembled, and having chosen the Hon. Judge Parsons, Moderator, the following resolutions moved by the Hon. Mr. Otis, and seconded by the Hon. Mr. Gore, were unanimously adopted, viz.—

It being of the greatest utility as well as moral fitness to pay publick honours to the memory of those whose lives have been eminently useful: and it having pleased God to take from us FISHER AMES, a man whose virtues and talents have honoured the American name; the citizens of Boston are desirous to exhibit their sense of his exalted worth by a tribute of publick respect:—It is, therefore, unanimously

Resolved, That in the name of this meeting the family of Mr. Ames be respectfully requested to permit his remains to be brought to this town, to be interred in the manner which a committee appointed by this meeting shall prescribe.

A committee of twelve was appointed to carry the above resolution into effect.

Resolved, That the committee of arrangements be instructed in behalf of this meeting to apply to the Hon. Samuel Dexter, and request him to pronounce, at the interment, an address upon the melancholy occasion.

Agreeably to the regulations, adopted by the committee of arrangements, the funeral procession of the remains of the departed sage and patriot, took place yesterday at five o'clock, from the dwelling of the Hon. Christopher Gore, Park-street, and proceeded in the following order through Winter and Marlborough-streets, Cornhill, Court, and Tremont-streets, to the chapel.

ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

A Deputy Marshal,
The Junior and Senior Classes of Harvard University,
The Tutors and Professours,
The Rev. Clergy of this, and the neighbouring Towns,
The President of the University,
Head Marshal,
Committee of Arrangements,
Officiating Clergyman,

Hon. *H. G. Otis*, Hon. *C. Gore*,
Hon. *E. H. Robbins*, Hon. *G. Cabot*,
Hon. *T. Parsons*, Hon. *T. Pickering*,
THE CORPSE.

Relations,
Neighbours and Townsmen of the deceased,
His Excellency the Governour, and His Honour the Lt. Governour.
Honourable Council,
Secretary and Treasurer of State,
Hon. President of the Senate and Speaker of the House,
Judges of the Supreme Judicial Court.
Judges of the United States Circuit Court.
Judges of the Common Pleas and Municipal Courts.
Members of Congress,
Secretary of the Senate of the U. S.
Attorney-General, Solicitor-General, and Reporter,
Gentlemen of the Bar,
Societies of which the deceased was a Member, viz.
1. Academy of Arts and Sciences—2. Humane Society—3. Agricultural Society—4. Historical Society.
Selectmen of Boston,
Town Officers, Strangers and Citizens.

When arrived at the chapel, the body was placed before the altar; and divine service was performed by the Rev. Mr. Montague, and Rev. Mr. Gardiner. After which, the Hon. Samuel Dexter delivered to an uncommonly crowded auditory, a very eloquent and pathetick funeral oration.

The friends of Mr. Ames, who cherish the most sacred regard for his memory, were highly gratified that Mr. Dexter consented to pay the last sad tribute of respect to his remains, by pronouncing an oration. No task is of more difficult execution; yet Mr. Dexter left nothing to desire. It requires congenial feelings, talents, and virtue, to do justice to those we would commemorate.

Such were the benevolent feelings, the splendid talents, and the pure virtue of the deceased, in every relation of life, that the loftiest strains of eloquence could not be misapplied; for they would not swell to panegyrick. Mr. Dexter unites all the requisite attributes to pay due honours to the memory of his illustrious friend. His language is gorgeous, his arrangement is logical, his delineations are exact, his conceptions are comprehensive, his reflections are profound, and his manner is dignified. Without any design to overrate his great and original intellectual powers, we view him as one of the first oratours of our country.

The concourse of citizens was great beyond example. Every heart seemed to swell with grief; and every eye glistened with sorrow. A solemn silence proclaimed that "the loss of such a man at such a time," was irreparable to his country, his family, and his friends.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

We have been favoured, says The United States' Gazette, with the perusal of a part of a new work entitled, "The American Law Journal, and Miscellaneous Repertory, by J. E. Hall, of Baltimore," which is shortly to be published in this city by Messrs. William P. Farrand & Co.

Our merchants and lawyers have long lamented the inconveniencies which have existed in consequence of their ignorance of the laws of the different states, and the difficulty of procuring accurate information respecting them. If a merchant in this city wishes to secure a debt due from another in Bostion, by the process of attachment he knows not how to proceed, nor can he easily meet with a lawyer who can direct him. So too if he would make a conveyance of land lying in another state, he is equally at a loss; for the deed must be executed according to the particular laws of that state, or it will be void.

Various plans have been devised to obviate these difficulties, which have hitherto been attended with but partial success. Those who have, after great trouble and expense, make a collection of the laws of the states, have yet been embarrassed in giving advice, because they wanted the aid of adjudged cases by which these statutes have been explained or modified.

One of the chief objects of this Journal appears to be to collect such information as will enable the citizens of the different states to conduct their transactions with some knowledge of the laws by which they are respectively governed. To the merchant and the lawyer the advantages of such a *Lex Mercatoria Americana* need scarcely be mentioned.

It is also the intention of the editor of this work to preserve some of the best speeches which are delivered in congress on momentous questions. These are inserted in newspapers and forgotten, and the future historian of our country will in vain search for the reasons which have produced the most important measures of government. The memoirs of eminent men, with which it is proposed to embellish this work, will add much to its value.

We content ourselves at present with a brief view of the nature of this work, and conclude by referring our readers to the editor's prospectus for a more ample elucidation of his plan.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

And was't for me, O Son of God,
Thy precious, all-atoning blood,
On Calv'ry's trembling top did flow,
That scene of all-triumphant wo;
For such a grov'ling worm as I
Did righteous Jesus deign to die?
Yield up his ever sacred breath,
To ease my weight of sin and death?
For me, poor sinner, 'twas for me
He bore the ignominious tree;
The plaited crown of piercing thorn,
The cruel mock, the bitter scorn.
Behold! the dear Redeemer dies,
While earth convuls'd in horrour lies;
The sun alarm'd retracts his ray,
And night usurps the throne of day.

F. C. C.

Carlisle.

EPIGRAM.

As a wag at a ball, to a nymph on each arm,
Alternately turning, and thinking to charm,
Exclaimed in these words, of which Quin was the giver—
"You're my gizzard, my dear; and my love, you're my liver!"
"Alas!" cried the fair on his left, "to what use?
"For you never see either served up with a *goose*!"

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